To her Sister

HOW SHALL I WATCH THY COMING

SONG

by

NELLIE PADDON.

NEW-YORK

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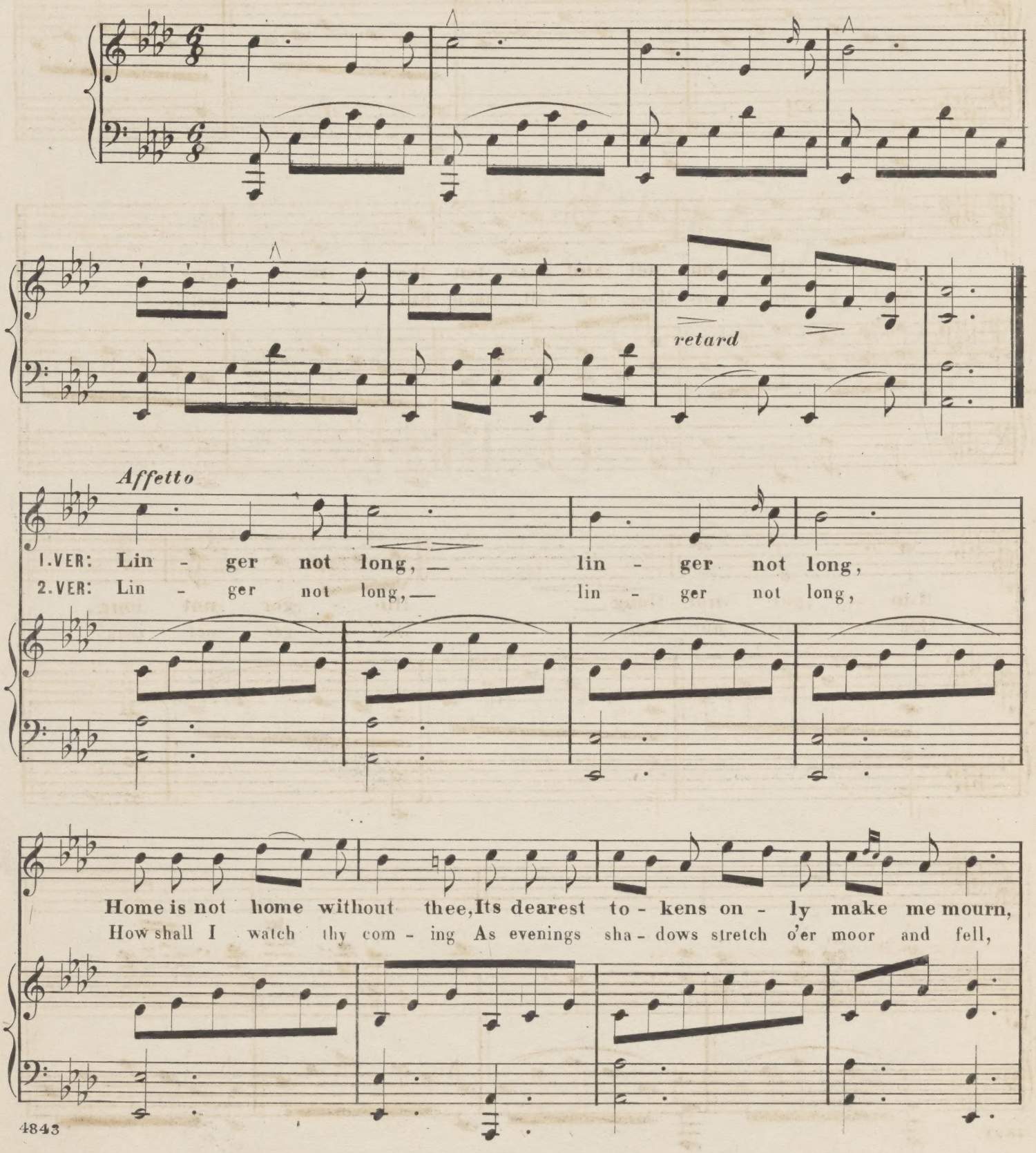

O . . . . let its mem' - ry like a chain a - bout thee
When . . . . the wild bee hath ceased her wea - ry hum - ming

Gent - ly com - pel and has - ten thy re - turn.
And . . . si - lence hangs on all thing like a spell.

Lin - ger not long — lin - ger not long.
Lin - ger not long — lin - ger not long.

Affetto

3.VER: How shall I watch — how shall I watch

4.VER: Haste, haste thee home — haste, haste thee home

For thee when fears grow stron-ger, As night grows dark and dark-er o'er the hill,

Un-to thy moun-tain dwell-ing, Haste as a bird un-to its peace-ful nest,

How shall I weep when I can watch no lon-ger

Haste as a skiff when tem-pests wild are swell-ing

O . . . . art thou ab - sent art thou ab - sent still.
Flies. . . to its ha - ven of se - cur - est rest.

Lin - ger not long — lin - ger not long.
Lin - ger not long — lin - ger not long.